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Britons think the American pursuit of wealth is vulgar and greedy, but the way they lay in wait for Mr. Carnegie on his landing showed entire willingness to share in it.

There is a good deal of talk in English papers about the status of Queen Victoria. Fortunately, being a woman, she will escape the unhappy fate of being perpetuated on horseback.

If the real truth were known it is probable that Chinese diplomacy and cunning were at the bottom of the recent dispute and almost clash between England and Russia. China would have sweet revenge if she could set two or three of the powers fighting while they are devising ways and means to rob her.

The public hears of what Mr. Carnegie gives, but it does not hear what he is asked for. The appeals to him are probably innumerable, and in view of the entertainment they would afford the public it seems rather a pity that the humor of them must be enjoyed exclusively by the millionaire and his secretary.

Mr. A. L. Johnson, brother of Col. Tom, has offered to build and equip 175 miles of street railroad in Philadelphia and carry passengers for 3 cents, with universal transfers, first-class service, etc., if the city will give him a 99-year franchise. That is about 99 years longer than any street-railroad franchise ought to run.

"The chances of Andrew Carnegie, if he landed a penniless boy in New York now, would be as bright as they were in 1848, and he would have even a wider field." So says Mr. Carnegie himself, and, no doubt, he is right. Every day's experience proves that the way is as open and the field as clear for capable young men to rise in this country as at any previous time. But a great deal depends on the young man.

Under the control of the United States, Havana, which has not only been a pest-hole, but the breeder of yellow fever for our Atlantic ports, has become a healthy city. The death rate in Havana last February was 19.22 per thousand, while in February, 1898, when under Spanish supervision, the rate was 32.22 per thousand. If the United States should abandon Cuba, Havana, under control of the natives, would fall back to its previous condition.

There is every reason to believe that under the present law for the control of the schools of Indianapolis the best results are being secured. The board is free from partisanship, and for months there has been no complaint in the newspapers or elsewhere against the general management of the schools. Superintendent Kendall has already proved to those who are close to the school work to be admirably qualified for the responsible position to which he was called by the board.

One of Chicago's representatives in the Illinois General Assembly has introduced a bill which imposes upon election officers the novel duty of assisting drunken voters to mark their ballots. Mr. Sullivan, who introduced the bill, advocated it on the ground that every man having the right to vote should have the assistance of the election officers. Several Chicago papers resent the action of the member, telling him that the drunken man who appears at the polls should be put in a patrol wagon.

Several complaints have been made because of the new regulations for the inspection of tourists' trunks at the New York Customhouse. Great indignation is expressed in many instances by the newspapers. It seems, however, that within a few years millions of dollars, as some say, have been lost to the revenues by the fraudulent passing of dutiable goods as private baggage. Recently one woman averred that she had no dutiable goods, but after inspection she paid \$4.00 as duties without protest.

Several recent and fatal fires have led to a suggestion that everybody in business, workers and the heads of establishments, should become familiar with the lay of the ground where they work, study the fire escapes and forecast just what it will be best to do in case of fire. The suggestion deserves attention, especially of those who work on the upper floors of large buildings. A little previous understanding, with perhaps some organization and discipline, may go far towards preventing panic and loss of life in case of fire in large buildings.

The medical practice bills introduced in several legislatures have been so changed in several States that their originators would not know their offspring. In this State the so-called osteopaths received a recognition which they did not have before by the amendment of the bill, and it barely

escaped veto because of the opposition of the Christian Scientists. In New York the supporters of the bill were greatly disturbed because an amendment was offered to the effect that "nothing herein shall affect the freedom of religious worship or the performance of any ritual of prayer in appealing to the Divine Being for deliverance from sickness." The friends of the bill are eloquent in protests against a proposition to take the life out of their measure.

NOT THE INDIAN OF OLD.

Some of the laws passed by the recent Legislature are sharply illustrative of the changing conditions of the State. This applies equally to social and to physical conditions. Indiana is a very different sort of country and community from what it was a half or three-quarters of a century ago, when the grandfathers of the present generation were still blazing paths through forests and building log cabins which were to be the nuclei of future towns and cities. They had work enough to do in the present without troubling themselves about the future. The future has brought its responsibilities, and among them is that of making amends for the wastefulness or destructiveness of the past. Corporation laws and anti-trust laws are not a more pointed reminder of the difference between old and new conditions than are the laws for the protection of fish and game and the new forestry law. Fifty years ago a person predicting that the time would ever come when Indiana would legislate on either of these subjects would have been regarded as crazy. The convenient word "crank" had not then been invented to characterize persons who thought differently from the mass of people. The streams were full of fish, the forests full of game, and the forests themselves covered the earth to an extent that furnished faithful occupation to many able-bodied laborers to get rid of them. Fish and game were a drug on the small local markets, fence rails were made of walnut trees that would now be turned into ornamental furniture, and walnut stumps were burned by thousands such as are now dug after in fields and sandbars to be sawed up for veneering. Our grandfathers did not understand the real sources of wealth or the true principles of political economy any better than their descendants do who exhaust the soil without fertilizing and who waste enough natural gas in ten years to supply the reasonable demand of a score.

The present fish and game laws are the outcome of several years' experience, and are probably as effective legislation as can be obtained in that direction. They can be made entirely effective if amateur fishermen and local organizations will aid the state commissioner in enforcing them. It is for the interest of all classes and of the State at large that they should be made as effective as possible. The forestry law is a new departure in Indiana legislation. It establishes a State Board of Forestry, to be composed of five members, one of whom is to be secretary at a salary of \$1,200 per year. The act also allows \$600 office and traveling expenses. One of the commissioners shall be a member of the State Forestry Association, one of the Retail Lumber Dealers' Association, one of the Purdue faculty, one of the Woodworkers' Association and the fifth shall be a man who has special knowledge of the theory and art of forest preservation and timber culture. Many Indiana farmers who have spent half their lives cutting down primitive forest trees will probably be amazed that the Legislature should pass such a law as this, yet it is a wise one. Changing conditions have made it necessary to provide against the loss and disaster that always accompany the reckless destruction of forests. This is not a matter of theory. It has been demonstrated beyond doubt in many foreign countries and in many parts of our own. Several other States are ahead of Indiana in this regard. It is none too soon to begin to protect what remains of the primeval forests of Indiana from wanton destruction and to restore the waste of past years. It is time for us to realize that there is a future and that each generation owes a debt to posterity. Indiana of to-day is not the Indiana of old.

REVOLUTIONARY SIGNS IN RUSSIA.

Recent dispatches from Russia are more than usually indicative of revolutionary intrigues and impending trouble. In a government like that of Russia, where militarism and absolutism are carried to an extreme and where the government is simply organized despotism, backed by relentless force, there must necessarily be constant protest and intrigue among the people. The extent or policy of this feeling is difficult to define at this distance, but it seems more active just now than usual. The recent student riots in St. Petersburg and the extra measures adopted to protect the czar against assassination are indicative of a very revolutionary condition. When such symptoms appear on the surface in spite of all the repressive measures of the government there must be a good deal of smoldering fire underneath. The government has been fighting the nihilists for more than twenty years, but in spite of all the organization is more extensive and dangerous than ever. It pervades all classes and penetrates everywhere—all ranks of civil life, the army, the navy and even the officials and servants in the imperial palace. In 1884 seventy-five army officers were arrested at one time for holding nihilist opinions. Some of them were condemned to death and others to hard labor in Siberia. Since then numerous arrests have been made from time to time. In 1885 forty nihilists were arrested in St. Petersburg at one time. In Warsaw twenty-six persons of more or less importance were tried at one time, of whom four were condemned to be hanged and the other twenty-two were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. In January, 1887, a band of conspirators was discovered among the cadets of the naval school at St. Petersburg and young officers of the navy who had recently been students in the school. A large number of arrests were made, including also many army officers. The arrests made during February and March of that year included a general of the army, a nobleman of high rank, several large landholders and a large number of persons of the middle class. In April, 1887, no less than 42 officers of the army were transported to Siberia on the charge of nihilism and complicity in attempts on the life of the czar. About the same time 200 students were arrested in St. Petersburg, including women as well as men. In June twenty-one nihilists were tried before a military court, of whom fifteen were sentenced to be hanged, but their sentences were commuted to imprisonment for life. In November five officers of the navy and thirteen of the army were tried

together and most of them were condemned to deportation to Siberia. And so it has gone on year after year, the organization continually spreading and only repressed by the severest measures. It is literally true that the government of Russia is a despotism hampered by assassination. The present czar is by no means a bad man personally. On the contrary, he is said to be a man of amiable disposition and good intentions. But the nihilists are after him, and the chances are ten to one they will kill him in spite of steel walls and barred doors. It is not the czar they wish to destroy so much as czarism. They know they are warring against despotism and they think they are fighting for liberty. They care nothing for danger or risks. When one is hanged or banished a score rise up to avenge him. There are several thousand students in the University of St. Petersburg, besides large numbers in other cities, nearly all of them are nihilists or in sympathy with the movement. In 1899 students were arrested in all the university towns by wholesale. The jails of St. Petersburg were filled with them to overflowing, and in the course of a few weeks more than 2,000 were exiled to Siberia and as many more were expelled from the different colleges and placed under surveillance. These facts only faintly outline the condition of chronic terrorism which exists in Russia. The recent student riot in St. Petersburg, in which Cossack cavalry charged on masses of men and women and cut and slashed them right and left, was simply a repetition of what has been going on for many years. The conflict is an irrepressible one, and the end is not in sight. From an American point of view it looks like a phase of the great progressive movement towards universal liberty, which must end in a victory for the people.

THE TURN OF THE YEAR.

In this latitude we are just now at one of those seasons sometimes designated as "the turn of the year"—a changing point in the seasons. Nature is variable in her moods and methods—a law unto herself—and while astronomers and calendars fix exactly the duration of each season and the date of change from winter to spring, from spring to summer, from summer to fall and from fall to winter again, nature makes the changes gradually, in her own way and never twice alike. But she never forgets to make the change, and it is always complete before she gets through. What an awful thing it would be if, through some planetary disturbance or derangement in the machinery of the universe—a broken shaft, for instance, in the motive power of the earth or a displaced rail in its orbit—the seasons should get mixed up and we should have zero weather during the dog days or sweltering heat in midwinter. Suppose that for a few years, while the broken machinery was undergoing repairs, it should have no spring at all, nothing but misplaced winter one-half of the year, and misplaced summer the other half, with abrupt changes from one to the other. That would make the people enjoy the memories of past seasons much more than they do now the season itself. Yet it is a most interesting season, and the regularity with which it brings the annual miracle of the awakening of nature from her winter's sleep is at once a mystery and a delight. Of course, no two springs are just alike. The variations of the season are as infinite as those of the human face, which, with the same number and arrangement of features, is never twice exactly repeated in the countless millions of the human race. So spring never comes twice at exactly the same time or conducts herself twice in exactly the same way. But no matter when she comes or how she behaves, she is always welcome. The present one is a little "backward." Rough weather extended so far into March as to delay the arrival of premonitory spring days unusually, but they have come at last—the advance couriers of spring herself. They are not quite the real thing, but they foreshadow the real thing. Even now the buds on some trees and bushes in protected places are swelling perceptibly. The grass on lawns has taken on a greenish tinge and becomes greener every day. It almost changes while one looks at it, and grows while you wait. Nature works while we sleep, and in a few days the lawns will be so green and the buds on the trees so far opened as to excite approving remark. Spring does not come for praise, but she deserves it all the same. In the country she works a little slower. The open fields and the forest trees show no sign of life yet, but they will in a very few days. Nature is not idle, even when she seems to be. Even when we think she is asleep she is at work generating sap for spring use and setting the machinery of trees and plants in good condition to perform their functions. When she touches the button the machinery begins to move, the sap begins to rise, the buds begin to swell and the earth puts on her cloak of greenery. If this transformation came but once in a century, or came suddenly with an explosion, it would be regarded as a great spectacle. Because it comes so regularly, gradually and noiselessly it scarcely excites even a passing remark. Yet spring in her various moods and methods, and especially in her unvarying results, is always worth studying. Watch her, and see if she is not.

THE COLLEGE WOMAN.

A woman's club, in New York, has been discussing the question as to whether or not a college education unites women for matrimony, or, put in another form, whether the college woman is likely to be unhappy in marriage. There was quite a division of opinion in the club, a considerable number of the members upholding the affirmative side of the debate. It does not appear that they had any proofs to offer beyond the fact that each knew of some individual case in which a college woman was miserable in her married life, and after the feminine fashion in and out of clubs, proceeded to generalize from isolated facts. Inasmuch as each member so arguing must also know at least one unhappy married woman who never saw the inside of a college, and has no education worth mentioning, her conclusions in regard to the others are not very convincing. Many, perhaps a large proportion, of the women who figure in divorces and other matrimonial tragedies are ignorant to the verge of illiteracy, but ignorance is never rated as a cause for unhappiness in marriage. Nor is it really a frequent source of infelicity, since like the ticks like in such matters, and the illiterate man, as a rule, who marries the illiterate woman. By the same law, the intelligent, cultured man gravitates toward the woman of his own class, though it is true that the pretty girl

who is also a fool makes some breaks in his ranks. It is not meant to say, by any means, that the college-trained man has a special predilection for the college-bred woman, but only that a common intelligence makes a meeting ground and may prove to be the foundation of a closer bond.

But the amusing feature of such discussions—and they are common not only in clubs, but in current literature and in the pulp—is the seriousness with which the college girl is regarded by people who ought to know better than to take her as a "solemn proposition. One who had no acquaintance with the class might easily assume, from reading or listening to the profound disquisitions about her, that the girl who had taken a college course was one set apart by her vast learning and consequent superiority to her less-favored sisters, and that she had, somehow, become possessed of special and mysterious attributes. Now, as a simple matter of fact, the college girl differs very little from the high-school graduate, or even from the girl who has had no more than the benefits of the grammar school. Especially is this true after she has been out of college for two or three years. In fact, by that time, it is hard to distinguish her from other women. She is likely to be as fond of social gayeties as the others; if she marries she is quite as sure as her uncultured neighbor to bring up her husband, her baby or her servants as a subject of conversation, and the every-day practical affairs of life are pretty certain to absorb her attention. In this she is in no way different from the college man. It is a matter of common remark that the average college man proceeds first to forget what he learned in college and then to acquire business knowledge. This is no reflection upon the value of his education, for the facts he acquired while in school were the least important part of his schooling. If he learned how to think, if he gained a reasonable mastery and understanding of his mental faculties, he secured all that is most desirable in such training. He is better equipped for the actual work of life and is not abnormal in any respect. It is the same with his sister. If she has any mind worth considering it is in a better condition after four years' training, but at most she has not acquired enough knowledge to hurt. Certainly she has not enough to put her on a height that makes intellectual companionship difficult for her to secure. She may even find that the man with only a newspaper education goes beyond her in many respects. The teaching of most women is of a kind that takes them away from the public happenings of their own time, and in point of general information many a one who boasts of a college degree is behind her husband who may never have been within college doors.

No; if the college woman is unhappy it is surely not because she knows so much that congenial intellectual companionship is unattainable; the cause may be that her income does not reach, or that she has ungratified social ambitions, but that she is inevitably a superior, and, therefore, lonely soul—oh, no.

RELIGION AND FLATS.

In view of the number of apartment houses now existing or in process of erection in this city, and their popularity as places of residence, the view taken of flat life by a Brooklyn clergyman may be of local interest. In a recent address in his church he said with emphasis that as a result of his observation he was convinced that something about the flat militates against religion. That he is not alone in his conclusions may be assumed from his further assertion: "In all sections of New York, in Boston, and wherever the flat has been introduced, the fact is noticed. It may be the large city, which the flat accompanies as a necessity, where people more and more lose themselves among other people, or think they do, and so shirk responsibility and become irreligious. Whatever it is, the apartment, and especially the high-priced one, is looked upon with fear by all rectors."

But let not the occupants of inexpensive flats flatter themselves that they are free from malign influences. A writer in the Living Church, in commenting on the Brooklyn sermon, holds that it is the moderate-sized, moderate-priced apartment which is the most objectionable in this respect. He speaks evidently from personal experience, and complains that the smallness of the rooms and the lack of privacy interfere with religious duties. "In order to have any quiet for prayers and devotions," he says, "I must await until the family are in bed, or I must rise before they are astir, which is a serious task on the physical strength, and, at best, fatigue renders meditation and prayers very nearly mechanical. Whatever affects the private devotions must equally affect church attendance." The remedy suggested by this writer is that churches shall be open throughout the day every day in the week. In order that the persons who have no opportunity for pious observances at home may enjoy these privileges in the sanctuary.

The subject is one on which the Journal has no special information. It has not observed that occupants of Indianapolis flats are especially godless. It has heard no complaint from them that they are deprived, by the limitations of their apartments, of any spiritual privileges, or that they are unable to indulge in their customary devotions. Neither has it heard any charge that the tenants of such apartments show a growing indisposition to attend church services on Sundays. However, if the influences of flat life elsewhere are irreligious it may be presumed that the same conditions will eventually prevail here if they do not already exist. As a matter of course, steps should be taken for the relief of the flat dwellers. The situation is one to excite the liveliest sympathy of persons with more favorable surroundings. What could be more sad than the condition of a flat tenant shut in his six-by-nine room, unable to lift his voice in prayer and song for fear of waking the baby or rousing his neighbors to unseemly wrath? What more pathetic than his spiritual degeneracy and gradual giving up of the habit of church-going in favor of remaining in the six-by-nine prayerless environment? Whether the proposed opening of the churches on week days would serve as a cure for the evil or not is uncertain. There is room for the suspicion that if the flat dweller could not find room and quiet for his devotions under his own roof he would not go far out of his way to seek those privileges. The remedy must be nearer at hand and flat builders must provide it. Merely as a selfish consideration and for the reputation of their

buildings these opulent persons will not wish their tenants to become godless, and will therefore add to their latest and most modern improvements and conveniences a chapel which shall be accessible to all tenants, and where the most fervent song services will not interfere with the peace and comfort of any occupant of the house. Inasmuch as a large part of the population seems predestined to live in flats, their spiritual as well as their physical welfare must be provided for, and future builders may as well take this fact into consideration in time.

Less wheat will be carried into the new crop this year than has been the case for several years. The government's report, March 1, estimates the reserves in the hands of farmers at 128,000,000 bushels, or about 30,000,000 less than a year ago. The visible supply, March 1, outside of that in the hands of farmers, was 57,500,000 bushels—a total of 185,500,000 bushels. It is estimated that 128,000,000 bushels will be required for domestic consumption and seedling, leaving 57,500,000 bushels to cover exports and reserves. Thus far the export has been 3,000,000 bushels a week; if this figure is kept up the reserve on July 1 will be 56,500,000 bushels, which is a very small margin.

The new army law provides for fifty-seven chaplains, and as there are thirty-four now in the service there will be twenty-three places to fill. For these twenty-three appointments there are about 400 applications, including ministers of all the Protestant denominations and the Catholics. The pay of a chaplain in the army is \$1,500 a year, with a captain's allowance for quarters, forage, etc. One chaplain is provided for each regiment of cavalry and infantry, and twelve for the artillery corps. There should be 400 applicants for twenty-three places shows there are a good many preachers looking for jobs.

It appears that fashions in millinery are not entirely responsible for the disappearance or scarcity of nongame birds. At a recent meeting of the New York Audubon Society the secretary said that it was now difficult to find an insectivorous native bird worn as flat trimming, but that, nevertheless, with laws protecting all birds, the birds are still decreasing in numbers. The secretary spoke only of New York State, and explained the conditions there by ascribing that States are unwilling to legislate against birds brought from other States. This explanation, however, leaves something to be desired.

Once a week for more than a year the Atlanta Journal has published a list of the names of women of that city who have promised "never to buy any more wild-bird feathers," until the list numbers over 3,000. The result is due to the local Audubon Society, a branch of which is doing equally good work in this city. It is a very good reason, besides sentimental ones, why the movement for the protection of wild birds should be encouraged.

Some people are smiling over the fact that the Department of Agriculture has just discovered that the Russian farmers in South Dakota have for twenty-five years past been raising what is called macaroni wheat, a variety of wheat especially adapted for the manufacture of macaroni. The department was about to order an importation of the seed when it learned that it was extensively raised in South Dakota. In searching after knowledge one should not overlook home products.

The St. Louis Globe Democrat has a double-column likeness of "John F. Miller, of Indiana, probable member of the World's Fair Commission." Really, it is quite time that the original mistake in telegraphing Mr. Miller's name should be corrected by a high-class newspaper. That much is due to Mr. Miller, who has made an enviable reputation while bearing that name.

An Indiana contributor to a Chicago paper, writing of literary matters in this State, alludes to Mr. Lee O. Harris as one of the "discoveries" made by Mr. James Whitcomb Riley. Quite so. Mr. Riley discovered him in the teacher's chair the first time he (Riley) went to school.

FROM HITHER AND YON.

A Good Beginning.

Detroit Free Press.
He (passionately)—What difference does it make where we go on our wedding trip?
She—But don't you think we should spend enough money to keep up appearances?

Art Limitations.

Chicago Record.
"What kind of pictures would you hang in a dining room?"
"Well, I'd draw the line on paintings of beef on a roof and still-life studies in canned truck."

A Puzzle.

Gwendolen—Oh, George, I cannot understand it. Why do you lavish this wealth of love upon me when there are so many girls who are lovelier and worthier than I am?
George—I'm bluffed if I know.

The Society Monstrosity.

Puck.
"These folks in the next flat are awfully pretentious."
"Are they?"
"Yes. She sends her visiting card over—two middle names on it—when she wants to borrow butter."

Dough.

Detroit Journal.
Now it chanced, once upon a time, O dearly beloved, that the physician to Midas, the ancient King of Phrygia, had occasion to order his royal patient to diet.
"But," protested his Majesty, "I am so fond of my plate of buckles in the morning! Am I not to touch a single buck?"
Buck, dearly beloved, let us observe en passant, was the Phrygian for buckshot cakes.
"If you do," said the physician, "your cake will be dough!"
Now this was a witty reference, some have thought, to the king not being able to come into personal contact with anything but that he turned it thereby into gold.

WISDOM OF CURRENT FICTION.

The author was invited out to private houses, but he was light on his feet and kept away—More Fables.
The strengthless ghosts of memory are often more persistent than those of superstition.—A Son of Austerity.
It seems to have been necessary since the beginning of the world that some should fall by the wayside that many may reach the heights.—The Turn of the Road.
I cannot understand the woman who clings to a man who she knows has but one desire, and that is to get rid of her.—Confessions of a Grass Widow.
Then Fortune—in her usual nasty feminine way—completely changed her tactics and began to shower her favors on those who ceased to ask for them and to whom they came too late.—Cupid's Garden.
It is when we try to grapple with another man's ultimate need that we perceive how incomprehensible, wavering and misty are the things of the world with us the right stars and the warmth of the sun.—Lord Jim.
We ain't here to be forever packing to go somewhere else. If God is the kind of a

"MODERN FABLES," by George Ade.

The Modern Fable of the Undecided Brunette and the Two Candidates.

(Copyrighted, 1901, by Robert Howard Russell.)

Once there was a dark-eyed Maiden who was being Rushed by a Cheap Man and a Provider. They took Turn About in coming-up to the House. She was a Child Wonder when it came to spreading her Dates so that one Gentleman would not cross another's Beat. Each of the Applicants was led to believe that he was the Only One for whom all the Lights were turned up regardless of the Meter. He thought that when he failed to Show Up she was in her own Room looking at his Picture and Feeling Blue.

The girl did what she could to foster the Delusions because she wanted to hold as many Options as possible so as to have her Pick.
The Cheap Man had his Good Points. He was House Broke and could play Chords, and he knew how to mix a Darling Salad if some one else furnished the Ingredients. But from 8 to 5 every day he was a Shylock, and when he was in a Crowd he never did anything Rash that involved the use of Money. He saved a little more of his Salary every Week and was pointed out as a Corner in the Business World. It hurt him to Let Go.
When he wanted to give the Brunette a Frolic he would get a Book out of the Public Library and take it up to the House and read it to her. Once he put her on the Car and gave her a jolly ride down to the Second Baptist Church to hear a Free Lecture on the Love Land. When he faced up to a Soda Fountain one Afternoon and ordered some Malted Chocolate for her Rumor had it that he had been taken with Enlargement of the Heart. At Christmas Time he sent the Dark Girl a Square Card with a Snow Scene, a Clump of Fir Trees and a Frozen Water Wheel. When they went out to a Party he always remarked that it seemed to be a Pleasant Evening and they might as well Hoof it. If the Weather turned bad and it was a case of Lambs he would work up a Nervous Headache and jump the Engagement.

The Provider was just the other Way. He was for Buying. The Queen received her Violets every Day or two, even though he had to Catch Even by lurching on Buttermilk and Sinkers. She got what she wanted and he took his Chances on standing off the Wolf at the Door and dodging the Tailor, the Gents' Furnisher and other Creditors who were calling for their money. He took her to a Theater and they had Parquet Seats on the Aisle. After the Performance the Colored Man would call out their Carriage Number and there would dash up a Team of Prancing Bays driven by a Rough Man with Brass Buttons and a queer Tall Hat. The Provider would hand her the glittering Vehicle with the graceful Flourish of a Sir Roger de Coverley. The Door would slam and the Provider would wonder which one of the Vanderbilts Boys that was.

After he got back to his \$2.75 Room and put the Dress Clothes where Moths could not get at them he would do some calculating on the back of an Envelope and discover that he had Burned Up just One Week's Salary between 7.45 and 11.15. Then he would call on a sweet-faced, white-haired Old Lady with a Safety Deposit Vault full of Gilt Edge Securities might come along and Adopt him and put him in a white and gold Suite with a Pianola and a Man Servant.

The Provider was a Financial Featherweight, but he was Game as a Pebble. He worked on the Principle that a Man can himself anything he can afford to pay for. He would do anything that the Rich Folks have, except Money.

He would invite the Brunette to Luncheon with him. When he was by himself he called it Lunch. That "oon" on the end usually makes a difference of about \$4.85 in the Check.

They would repair to a Cafe with a Fountain playing in the center of the Room and Bread and Butter cake extra. Every time he put his Finger at another Item on the Carte du Jour it put a Sickening Crimp in his Visible Assets and moved him about three Notches nearer to Hard Pan, but he never twitched a Muscle. He would push

county sheriff you seem to think. He must get terrible tired of seeing folks Round and Round with their white robes on and their hands standing ready tied in green baize.

One of the saints told us that amour propre, that mixture of vanity and self-respect for which we have no English term, only dies a quarter of an hour after the rest of the human mind. The case of the saint who would, I think, have been obliged to allow another fifteen minutes' grace.—A Little Gray Sheep.
"I'm not in any sense a plebeian; I am vulgar," asserted his mother with the pride of a woman placing herself on the right side of a distinction. "Plebeian means the good, patient, contented kind of woman. A 'vulgar' is an approach nearer to the aristocratic; it means aspiration not along spiritual lines."—The Sentimentalist.

It is respectable to have no illusions and safe and profitable and dull.—Lord Jim.
His fate was in that chaotic condition, common with many of the sons of earth, which followed no certain creed but deemed that if men were to be judged it would be rather by their lives than by their beliefs; that there was something of the unknown in the great unknown there would be found shelter against harm and suffering, and that the beloved's soul would be forever by his side.—Mays.

LITERARY NOTES.

Dr. Nansen is about to publish another volume of the scientific record of his arctic expedition. This volume contains the results of the astronomical observations.
Mr. George Barr McCutcheon, a newspaper man of Lafayette, Ind., and brother of John T. McCutcheon, the well-known illustrator, has written a new and original, a clever and entertaining novel called "Graumark," which has just been brought out by a Chicago publisher.
Mr. G. C. Andrews, of Connorsville, Ind., well known to the readers of the Journal as a writer of excellent verse, has written an historical romance which will be brought out early in the fall by a Chicago publisher. The hero is the Duke of Burgundy, IX of France. The manuscript is now in the hands of the publisher.

Some of the English book reviewers are having a hard time with George Ade's "Fables in Slang," an edition of which was recently brought out in London. As might have been expected, there are many things in this collection of up-to-date American colloquialisms and "parlor slang" that mystify the serious Englishman. One critic says it is "a most amazing book," and adds that the "most successful" of the "Fables" is a wonderful language spoken across the Atlantic which given him the headache.

In a recent mention of Maurice Thompson's novelette, "Rosalynde's Lover," an idyllic little love story published in Lippincott's Magazine for March, the Journal expressed an uncertainty as to whether the tale was new to the public or a republication. Assurance has since been received from the editor of Lippincott's that it is new in every sense of the word, having been printed in the magazine from Mr. Thompson's original manuscript, what he has never before in his possession since he sold it to them. Information comes from another source to the effect that it was written some time before the production of "Alice of Old Vincennes," also that it is the only one of his numerous books issued since

a Half over toward the Walter as if it annoyed him to see Money lying around.
He would walk out as light as a Toy Balloon and put her in a Cab and send her Home, and then he would be down to his Gloves and a Bunch of Keys and a Card Case and a couple of Street Car Tickets.

The Brunette was Up a Stump when it came to making a Choice. It seemed to be another instance of Horse and Horse. She knew that the Cheap Man would own Bank Stock and Corner Lots when the Provider would be living on Snowballs, and yet she was not being herself to lean up against a Stinger. Old Thing who never Unbuckled to give her a Nice Time. As for the Provider, he was the Kindest Friend she knew and a Good Thing while he lasted, but she knew that he could not Last further than from here to the Corner. She guessed that if she went ahead and married the Provider he would give her everything he Owned, but he never would Own more than you could put in a Steamer Trunk without using the Trunk.

The Cheap Man, on the other hand, would have a Neat Balance and a Strong Rating, but it would require the use of an Anesthetic to get a Tailor-Made Suit out of him.

While in this Quandary she consulted her Aunt Em, who was two kinds of a Widow—Grass and Sod. She had buried one Husband and come out in Black. She had tied a Can to No. 2 and come out in Bright Colors.

Aunt Em asked a number of Leading Questions in regard to the Qualifications of the two Suitors and then she said: "My Dear Niece, this is a Tall Problem for twenty-year-old Girl to close on, but you are entitled to a lot of Credit for holding